



Endquote

Sun lights up the hill behind, mist rises on the channel ahead.
 Push the boat, push the boat!

The night tide has gone out, the morning tide is coming in.

Chigukch'ong, chigukch'ong, oshwa!

Untamed flowers along the shore reach out to the far village.

A new day warms itself, the bigger fish swim near the surface.

Pull the anchor, pull the anchor!

In twos and threes the seagulls rise, then glide low and rise again.

Chigukch'ong, chigukch'ong, oshwa!

The fishing rods are ready, where did we put the wine bottle?

From the east a sudden wind comes; it ripples the water's surface.

Raise the sail, raise the sail:

It is time to leave East Lake and try our luck in the West.

Chigukch'ong, chigukch'ong, oshwa!

—Yun Sondo (1587 - 1671)